

Christmas
1971

Daily Universe

Brigham Young University

Christmas Edition

December 16, 1971



CHRISTmas

Putting Christ back into Christmas

Sally had
dropped some
money in a
charity pail,
John had given
a fruit basket,
but Timmy had
no gift
for the Savior

Carols and Bells

By JACK SHIRTS

Decibels of carols and bells
In the middle of November
Form a glittering shroud.
And clamors the crowd,
"It's Christmas time, remember?"

"Buy!" "Spend now!" "Just 50 days left!"
So soon before Thanksgiving.
The Savior's ashamed.
Profaned is His name.
Near dead is man's spiritual living.

But Christ-touched thoughts of carols and bells
If resounded from early to December,
The Savior then dear,
Men's hearts would warmly cheer,
"It's Christmas time, remember?"

Time Pauses

By DAN WALKER

Within its unforgiving minute,
Time pauses for a brief moment.
Chance for empathy
Chance for insight
Chance for love.
The lights, trees and snow
Unite in common purpose.
Man reluctantly follows
A warm fresh feeling fills the air,
As the hearts of men throb in
unison.
A time for remembering Christ.
The snow softly falls—
Then fades in the night.
But, as the silence after,
We linger on.

Nostalgia for all
NEW YORK (UPI) — If
you're under 30 and you want
to feel nostalgic, Seventeen
magazine suggests you think
about the Brownie pledge; the
first toppers bathing suits; cook-
ies and milk at school; chil-
dren's prices at the movies;
lemonade stands; pig latin;
taking the training wheels off
your bike, Petula Clark singing
"Downtown."

Editor's Note: "Christmas Is For
Christ," the third place winning
entry in the DAILY UNIVERSE
Christmas Story contest, was
written by Robin Beggs, a senior
in journalism from Springville,
Utah.

By ROBIN K. BEGGS

Timmy carefully buckled his
boots and stepped out in the cold
December air. The scent of
chestnut and pine nearly
beckoned him to stay inside,
where the rest of the family were
playing games and singing carols.
But it was Christmas Eve, and he
had one more gift to purchase.

Reaching into his pocket, he
felt several small coins and
mumbled, "Forty cents!" But he
couldn't keep so sober when a
huge, wet snowflake tickled his
nose.

Rushing down the street,
nine-year-old Tim was part of a
fantasy world—trees frocked and
adorned with colored lights and
bells, the sweet ring of chapel
bells mixing in with choirs of
carolers, glittering, sparkling bulbs
everywhere.

BUT his mind quickly reverted
to Father's plea the evening
before. "Help put Christ back into
Christmas," Tim and his brothers
and sisters were told. By family
consent, everyone was to select a

special gift this Christmas for
Jesus, on His birthday.

Timmy knew Sally had dropped
some money in a charity pail to
help another little child have a
better Christmas, and John had
given Grandmother a fruit basket.
But now it was late, Tim had no
gift for the Savior, and couldn't
think of one, not for forty cents.

He soon reached the shopping
plaza and several stores were still
open, rasping the late business of
yuletide procrastinators. Windows
were crammed full of
paints, bright lights, toys, and an
occasional Merry Xmas.

Inside, observing the shelves of
toys, the many kinds of candy
and colorful articles neatly
arranged in the big department
store, Timmy could hardly repress
visions of old St. Nick or
squeezing his stocking late at
night when others were asleep.

THEN an idea occurred to
him, and he picked an article from

the display rack. On such a festive
occasion, the cashier thought it
slightly strange that Timmy spent
his money for a red magic marker.

Pressing back into the cheery
night, Tim made three quick
stops, and was scarcely noticed
each time by the hordes of
customers scurrying along the
sidewalk. Few probably even
observed the scribbling on those
big department store windows
which now read, Merry
CHRISTmas.

Arriving home, he was met with
the interrogations: "What did you
get for Jesus, Timmy?"

"I just put Christ back into
Christmas," he quietly replied.

God's Gift

By LAUREL JEAN NELSON

Cheeks glistering with tears—
Gentle whispers—

"I'll always hear...."
My Son, My Beloved Son,
Leave my arms now;
Mary's await you."

Eyes lock in final embrace—
Tenderly creeping across the

Father's face—

A smile—

Spontaneously returned.

Two souls to touch.

The heavenly bush

Slides silently earthward.

Two souls now touch a third.

Christ, the Savior, is born.

Heaven and earth rejoice!



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Editor's Note: "Christmas Time", is the second place winner in the DAILY UNIVERSE Christmas Story contest. It is written by Claire Robinson, a freshman in Teacher Education from Melba, Idaho.

Christmas Time

By CLAIRE ROBINSON

'Puppy, I'll be your Santa'

He knew Santa
was not true,
but still he
wished he could
find a present
under the non-
existent tree

Eric scuffed out of the old run down apartment building. Again he was alone. The streets looked like long wet pieces of black licorice under the street lights. As Eric walked he began his escape into another world. He left his feelings of loneliness and unhappiness and entered a world in which he hungered to belong.

Why was Eric escaping? Eric was an orphan. His mother died when he was two and his father was never around. Eric's father did provide food but drank the rest of his earnings. He was orphaned by his brothers and sisters. They had run away from the world which seemed to keep Eric prisoner. Education had orphaned him too. He just did not have the clothes or the social acceptance to be a part of school. So each day would grind painfully past with nothing to do or live for.

This is why Eric was escaping; escaping into a world of imagination, fun, and fantasy. A world which treated him as an equal. His world was the "Christmas World." He did not always understand why people were so kind this time of year, but they were. He loved to walk the streets and see the lights and Christmas scenes. He loved to feel the gaiety and laughter of the holiday season. As Eric approached one department store, he gazed in the window.

THERE WAS Santa sitting in his magnificent red and white throne giving candy-canes to little children, who would sometimes reluctantly sit on his lap. A tear formed under Eric's eyelash. He could never remember Santa coming to his home. At age twelve he knew Santa was not true but still he wished he could find a present under the non-existent tree in front room.

AS HE WAS half way down the ally he heard a soft timid whimpering sound. He stopped—looked around—and started to walk on. He heard the noise again and began to move toward it. There huddled back in a dark corner was a cold wet stranded puppy. It tried to growl to frighten off this gigantic stranger, but it was too weak and hungry for any sound to come out.

Eric picked up the puppy and began petting it. He became aware of how frail and weak his new found friend was. He felt a quiver go through the puppy and realized it was time for a decision.

In his pocket was one of his most treasured possessions, his lucky dime. He had found it in his mother's old purse. Though he never knew his mother, he loved the dime and knew it was lucky because it was once hers.

Eric looked at his dime and he looked at his quivering friend. He held the puppy tight as he once again emerged into the Christmas world. Quickly he paced off the two blocks to an old grocery store. There in that store he left the only remembrance of his mother and brought out a carton of milk.

AGAIN carrying the puppy and clutching the milk he descended down the dark ally. Sitting on the ground, he poured the ivory liquid into his hand. As tears trickled down his cheeks, feelings of loneliness and abandonment vanished. A strong union of friendship was created as Eric whispered in the puppy's ear, "Puppy, I'll be your Santa."

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Because He was Born

By SUE HILL

Merry Christmas!

(Merry Christmas? Whirr, click, buzz? That does not compute.)

Try merry alone, or joyous. Exultant? Happy?

(Whirr, click-click, buzz? Reject! Reject!)

What of Christmas, then?

(Christmas. Comes from Christ . . .)

Everything does.

(The annual observance of his day of invention. That explains the whole expression. That computes.)

Well then . . . Merry Christmas.

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Photo by Thos Skout

Christmas is . . .

(First Place)

Christmas is a chilled earth warmed by the Light of the World

—Dean Andrews

(Second Place)

Christmas is now savor flavor, linger longer, after laughter leave

—Ronald H. Reynolds

(Third Place)

Christmas is to winter what love is to spring—Jingle Bells

—R.C. Roberg

Sidewalk Santa

By NANCY LEE HANSEN

Glass-stained, poster paint window panes
Advertise enticing dolls with parasols
That drink, wink, wet in gay charade,
Perennial strings of flicker, flashing lights
Burst scarlet, bubble green, splinter white,
That casts on a driven snow a pinken taint,
The same sunken flesh hue of an old man's nose,
He walks the streets from winter eve to noon,
His cigarette between thin slits, aquiver,
He is always sobbing,
Even on Christmas Eve
His tears are ice.

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A Missionary's Christmas

By MARK S. PARTRIDGE

Happy is in the air
(German accented)
Human warmth
lights snow.
A hustle, jostle, move
crowd downtown—
a whole time.

But we're a different cat,
You and I,
For we love
Christmas,
But more than Christmas.

We have a happy sadness,
a schizophrenic (cleaved mind) being—
Loving what we are,
our doings;
Friendships with love bound fast.
We pose for our daguerotype,
capture our group yet oneness of
the moment.

We feel our joy here,
yet

Natural Man

By LINDA RAINEY

Oh! If I could see it all,
View the Plan from some great
height,
Far above this frail Earth life,
Seeing with five-sense'd sight—
And if I could know the Christ,
Know him, and his plans for me,
Know his love and why he gave
Life, already his, to me—
Then, perhaps, would I not fall
Prey to carnal, earthly vice.
Then, perhaps, could I, too, give
Life, a willing sacrifice . . .

Somehow, that is not for me.
Faith, instead must be my rod,
Works must be clear my sight:
That is how to be a God.

Then, upon that Christmas morn
When my Savior calls to me,
Then will I see his great Plan
Revealed in full, fulfilled in me.

mingled with . . .
Uneasiness?
Loneliness?
for Certain Ones
not here—
our connection
only paper thin.

Still, we know
why we are
and who we are;
We feast our Master's
first mortal step (the time is wrong—
no matter, our hearts
remove it to its proper place)

And joy to know
what we have for a gift
from Him
to bear to his adorers.

And in this peace find joy
No earthly care can e'er destroy.

—Syme

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Best poem

'Your Lord is here'

A girl crouched near an oven tall;
Shuddering, shared his gracious stall.
Her Love had gone to fetch a lamp
To warm and light the stable's damp.
Trembling, she caught the great beast's eye
To plead his leave to stay near-by,
When in her arms her Helpless stirred;
More with her heart than ear she heard,
And quick her gaze moved to the child
And to the small eyes clear and mild,
And in their calm she found her quest,
Reflection of her own unrest.
Thus certain of her babe's alarm,
She thought to free from fear of harm.
Though fresh from pain and lingering weak,
Her mind required her mouth to speak:
"Do not fear Babe, do not fear.
God is nigh and I am here.
The night is warm and strangely bright."
Mary held her Helpless tight.

Jesus gazed into her eyes
And Mary saw strength in disguise.
Past her own reflected fear
She saw a light, a comfort clear:
"Do not fear, Mary, do not fear.
God is nigh, your Lord is here."

Sharon Summersett Britton
Junior in English
Pomona, California

Second place

Madonna

She held him on her knee,
her new-found maturity
softening the line of cheek and breast,
gentling the hand that cupped his head.
Fingers twining, they played child games,
and he crouched, delighted by the tender nonsense.
For a moment, lulled by the reality
of his tiny warmth, she forgot,
and lost herself in everyday mother-dreams.

Louise Craig
Freshman in English
Springville, Utah

Christmas is . . .

... frosted fields of heaven glow.
—Dave Trotter
... the effervescent radiance of
snowflakes and souls.
—Laurel Nelson

I like Christmas

I like Christmas
because
When I take off my glasses
Each light on the Christmas tree
Turns in to the Star of Bethlehem

Of all the things that I can't do
I should like most to hear the
snowflakes
fall
and hump
On Christmas Eve.

Suzanne Lyon
Freshman
Ashton, Idaho

The Prodigal Christmas

Christmas come,
Christmas go.
Some to live,
Some to know.
Son above,
Son below
Trampled neatly
'Neath the snow.

People high,
People low.
Some to live,
Some to know
The scorching pain
Of colder snow.

Hark! Ye Christians
High and low.
Ask now yourselves,
How acts your soul
Toward Him above
And those below?
Is it warm
And full of glow?
Or clouded o'er,
Touched with snow.

Third place

Growing urgency

It's too bad we forget
His first coming.
Especially when
His second coming
is still coming.

Steve Webster
Sophomore in English
Sandy, Utah

Christians all,
Do now you know
Christmas does not just come.
It must needs grow!

Robert Howley
Sophomore
Springville, Utah

The Gift

Once within a lowly manger
On a clear and starlit night
Was born a tiny baby
Who would fill the world with
light.

The angels, filled with glory,
announced the Holy Birth.
To shepherds in the fields
They gave hope of peace on
earth.

The wisemen, they were looking
For a king to come in might.
And started out to find Him
When his star shone in the night.

They felt they should praise Him
This King who'd come to earth
And thus they hastened onward
Rejoicing in His birth.

We look for ways to praise Him
As wisemen did of old
For they brought the tiny baby
Myrrh, frankincense and gold.

But we have naught to offer
Our Savior, Lord, and King
For we are poor, not wealthy,
With no fine gifts to bring.

And yet a soft voice whispers
"But you can praise Him still
For all that He desires
Is one who'll do His will."

Rita Bartholomew
Junior in Genealogy
Provo

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—Dave Trotter

Christmas is the sabbath of time.

—Kimella McKnight

Christmas is the heart and soul of Father Time.

—Kimella McKnight

Christmas is sunshine in a snowstorm.

—Ramona Hayden

Christmas is hearing God everywhere and saying "thank you."

—Karen L. Sover

Christmas is laughter, mirth, joy and peace on earth, our Savior's birth.

—Gail Harmon

Christmas is going home even when you stay in Provo.

—Suzanne Lyon

Christmas is stale cookies in the mail.

—Suzanne Lyon

Christmas is the paradox of a time and joy celebration of God.

—J. Scott Samuelson

Christmas is mistletoe on the ceiling that doesn't work.

—Mary Hemingway

Christmas is a visitor from an excited sphere slipping into the world incognito.

—Benjamin Urrutia

Christmas is the Primary children's chorus in their big red bows.

—Joyce Cobb

Christmas is the time for babies to teach adults to crawl.

—Sharon Brinton

Christmas is letting our virtues illuminate noble glory.

—Glenn McMurtrey

Christmas is the day God gave His gift to all men, everywhere.

—Ken Palmer

Christmas is a tootsie-ropi pop. (You have to lick a lot of red and green coating before you get to something you can sink your teeth into.)

—Sharon Brinton

Christmas is a preface to Gethsemane.

—Glenn McMurtrey

Christmas is righteous folly called Christmas jolly.

—Sharon Brinton

Christmas is finding joy by giving others tokens of Christ's priceless gift.

—Jack R. Shirts

Christmas is when yule come.

—Glenn McMurtrey

Christmas is bringing tears to Christ's eyes by removing them from another's.

—Ken Palmer

Christmas is a glistening tree and a happy me.

—Bron B. Ingoldby

Christmas is more you, less me and all Him.

—Glenn McMurtrey

Christmas is your non-member family saying, "We love you. Please come home."

—Valerie Perrins



Photo by Randy Whitlock

Christmas is ...

Christmas is red bells, green trees and bent knees.

—Glenn McMurtrey

Christmas is a commemoration of the greatest debt ever made.

—Linda Darline Shirley

Christmas is the year's Sunday.

—Godfrey Ellis

Christmas is sincere spontaneous smiles shared simultaneously with two or more.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is April 6th, ye heathen!

—Dave Trotter

Christmas is seeking Christ and finding Him because you've looked.

—Karen Whittaker

Christmas is whenever gifts don't cost \$2.98, because you're both worth more.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is a new baby.

—Janet Weeks

Christmas is a tormented year distilled into one Sterling simple Santa clause.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is Men becomes Man, Mankind becomes Kind, Humanity becomes naturally Human.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is Science taking a sleigh ride with mistletoe absurdities actually kissing.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is little children suffered to come unto Him as such.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is winter's paradox — cold noses and warm hearts.

—Kirk Magley

Christmas is heart feelings worn at face value.

—Karen Whittaker

Christmas is

—Clair McOmber

Christmas is not too merry when staying alone in Provo.

—Jay Roberts

Christmas is little window-pressed noses peeking between the snowflakes for Santa.

—Dan Lubben

Christmas is Christian glue.

—Carl Baker

Christmas is worldly loss that glorified one spiritually on a cross.

—Julie Johnson

Christmas is frosted fields of heaven glow.

—Dave Trotter

Christmas is the annual attempt to pacify our religious conscience with money.

—J. Scott Samuelson

Christmas is an excuse you've needed for a long time.

—E. Mark Bezzant

Christmas is a break for those on a diet.

—Carol Yeh

Christmas is Charity, which Charity is the pure love of Christ.

—David J. Rowberry

Christmas is Lamanite imagery: Tom-Toms heralding, angels caroling.

—Philip Hibbert

Christmas is

—Dick Jardine

Christmas is the ultimate gift.

—Kim Hibbert

Christmas is Christ, love's pure light, born a glorious hope for all!

—Steven Glencoe

Christmas is really an Easter Bunny, not a Santa Claus.

—Austin Ray Johnson

Christmas is what you expect it to be.

—Barbara Wilson

Christmas is an Honorable Discharge.

—A. Grant Gerber

Christmas is holy-sprinkled love wrapped in a child's brightness.

—Macy Frederick

Christmas is the effortless radiance of snowflakes and souls.

—Laurel Jean Nelson

Contest best

'Somewhere she is waiting'

She has something to give this night

Editor's Note: First place in the DAILY UNIVERSE Christmas Story contest goes to "Somewhere She Is Waiting" written by Margaret Ellis, a freshman in English from Lachine, Quebec, Canada.

By MARGARET ELLIS

She will be wearing her best dress, although to you it may seem somewhat gaudy. The nurse came around earlier today to put that special Christmas wave you see, in her snowy hair. She even put on her new black shoes when she left her room this afternoon to eat a Christmas meal with the other sick and lonely people in the rest home. She, too, raised her glass of season punch to toast a merry day for all, remembering the laughter of her own children as they'd gathered around her festive table to view the glazed bird on a china platter. She had recaptured the music of their jostling and singing. Such a merry time it was! Maybe they will come again today.

Now, the old chair creaks rhythmically as she rocks. She has placed her pinching new shoes back in their box, preferring her scuffed, worn slippers tonight. She sits at the window watching the large flakes fumble and fall. She snuggles deeper into her tartan shawl. Carolers have been tonight. She sees their footprints in the snow. She has missed them, her hearing no longer a reliable sense. "If only they had stopped a moment," she thinks. "No gifts required, just precious smiles. No college degree necessary for a friendly chat, just a light, willing heart. Not hours, just a few moments of their time and youth."

She has something to give them this night — stories of her Christmases past and a candy for each from her box of chocolates, a sweet, warm smile and a weak, but sincere handshake. If only they had come to visit.

And as the night wears on, her tears will fall to the ticking of the clock. Christmas will have been an ordinary day. Look for her face in the window. She is watching for you.

WarShaws

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FED59¢
LB.

CHUNK STYLE BOLOGNA

VALLEY
BRAND 49¢
LB.

BACON

SWIFT
PREMIUM
SLICED 69¢
1 LB.

FRANKS

SWIFT
PREMIUM 65¢

HAMS

HORMEL
CURE #1 \$1.49
LB.

FULL POUND PACK OF 10



PARTY CUT PORK ROAST

IOWA
CORN
FED 66¢
LB.GOLDEN
DELICIOUS

APPLES

WASHINGTON
GOLDEN
LARGE 19¢
LB.

TOWELS KLEENEX JUMBO 33¢	FROSTIE ROOT BEER OR DIXIE COLA 2 FOR 99¢	BETTY CROCKER CHIPPOS 9½ OZ. 46¢	BLUE BONNET MARGARINE 1 LB. PKG. 45¢
PLANTER'S MIXED NUTS WITH PEANUTS 84¢	CANADA DRY QUARTS PLUS DEP. 24¢	HI-C FRUIT DRINKS 46 OZ. 29¢	TOILET TISSUE AURORA 2 ROLL PACK 25¢
CRISCO 3 LB. 89¢	CRISCO OIL 24 OZ. 59¢	APPLE SAUCE MONARCH 303 CAN 15¢	FRUIT COCKTAIL MONARCH 303 CAN 25¢
PINEAPPLE JUICE 46 OZ. CAN 29¢	CUT GREEN BEANS MONARCH 21¢	CREAM OR KERNAL CORN MONARCH 17¢	POTATOES WHOLE MONARCH 15¢
TOMATO JUICE 46 OZ. 33¢	GLAD TRASH BAGS FAMILY PACK 1.23	GLAD TEXTURED WRAP 200 FT. 36¢	LYNN WILSON CHILI 30¢

CAULI- FLOWER

SNOW
WHITE 19¢
LB.

MIXED NUTS

IN
SHELL
EXTRA
FANCY 89¢
2 LBS.

EGG PLANT

FARM
FRESH
EACH 19¢

DATES

FRESH
CALIF.
1½ LB.
BAG 49¢

FROZEN FOODS

JOHN'S PIZZA

56¢

GREEN GIANT RICE DISHES

Spanish Rice
Rice Vardi
Rice Pilaf
Rice Medley

32¢

BANQUET DINNERS

NO
HAM
OR
BEEF

35¢

FRESH BAKERY

BANANA OR DATE NUT LOAVES

3 FOR 1.00

CANDY CANE CAKES

2
LAYER
3
INCH 1.29

HARD ROLLS

4¢

We have an assortment of Stollen, Christmas Cookies, Bûcheletier, Almond Filled Coffee Cakes, Almond Filled Pretzels, Gingerbread Men, Gingerbread House, Deluxe Fruit Cakes, Plum Pudding.